

P E R C Y - L O D G E,

A S E A T of

The DUKE and DUCHESS of SOMERSET,

A

P O E M;

Written by Command of their late GRACES,

(In the YEAR 1749.)

And Inscribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE The (present)

COUNTESS of NORTHUMBERLAND.

By the Rev. Mr. MOSES BROWNE,

Vicar of Olney, Bucks; Author of *Sunday Thoughts*, *Essay on the Universe*, &c.

Gratus eris — — Nisi me Præsagia fallunt

PALANGENIUS.

L O N D O N:

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1897



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

E L I Z A B E T H,

COUNTESS of *NORTHUMBERLAND,*

This P O E M,

Attempted, in Obedience to the Pleasure of her late
most Noble and Illustrious PARENTS,

In Testimony of that singular Acceptance with which it was
honoured, and of their many undeserved and
distinguished Favours,

I S,

With all Grateful VENERATION and HUMILITY,

D E D I C A T E D,

B Y

Her LADYSHIP'S

Most Dutiful,

Sincere, and

Obedient Servant,

Olney, Nov. 15, 1755.

MOSES BROWNE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD B. EST. H.

COUNTS OF NORTH BERLAND.

This P. O. E. M.

presented in Obedience to the Honorable

most Noble and Honorable

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P E R C Y - L O D G E :

A

P O E M.



P O R T shall the rural *Muses* still
 On *Cooper's* Heights, or *Grongar* Hill?
 Nor other Haunts their Visits know
 Than *Windsor*, or the Groves of *Stowe*?
 When PERCY-LODGE to fresh Delights
 The woo'd, the cherish'd *Train* invites;

Ann

And the sweet Shades their Presence claim,
 Made great, by *that* enobling Name.

They come, in all their smiling Pride,
 The Sister *Graces* at their Side ;
 Exstatic Sounds my Senses steal,
 Their soft Divinity I feel :
 They warm my Breast, they tune my Tongue,
 And *Percy-Groves* are all my Song.

If SOMERSET's mild DUKE shall deign
 His gentle Audience to my Strain,
 While, boldly grateful to appear,
 My Verse would win his princely Ear;
 If his bright CONSORT, Friend to Art,
 The wisest Mind, the gentlest Heart,
 If SHE shall, pleas'd, my Lay peruse,
 SHE, more inspiring than the *Muse* !

My

My Genius, favour'd by their Aids,
Shall plant my Laurels in their Shades.

Genius of this blissful Place,
Rural Nymph! of bashful Grace,
Come, with thy meek Associate-Pow'r,
Bring the mute *Silence* from his Bow'r,
And with him youthful *Faith* bring,
Ranger, ever on the Wing.
And lonely *Contemplation* pure,
And *Judgment* with his Look demure:
Join, all join, me on my Way
Where I tune my wand'ring Lay,
Thro' thy Mazes, o'er thy Greens;
Lead me round thy vary'd Scenes,
And ev'ry Beauty let me trace;
Genius of this blissful Place!

What Odours, like *Arabia's*, sweet,
 From yon blest Vale my Senses greet?
 Sure, from her *Aramantine* Bow'rs,
 The *Queen of Love* her Roses shew'rs.

'Tis more than Vision, See! the Vale
 Whence all these breathing Sweets exhale.
 A Field of Roses blooms in View,
 Of every Species, Scent and Hue.
 Not *Enna's* Field, the fam'd, the bless'd,
 Was of such Fragrances possess'd.

'Twas once a Pit, bare, scorch'd, and dry;
 A Chaos, rueful to the Eye.—
 'Twas once a marly, barren Waste,
 By the Spade's greedy Spoils defac'd:
 Neglected, shun'd, to Pleasure lost;—
 'Till SHE (of Heav'n Resemblance most,

Most

Most of his fav'rite Creatures) SHE
 Bid the rude Heap an *Eden* be.

Passive to her, her sweet Command,
 Now fertile grows the steril Sand,
 New Form and Elegance receives,
 And a large, beauteous Offspring gives.
 Thick rise the Verdures, bloom the Flow'rs,
 The Air perfuming with their Pow'rs.
 The little Labourers of the Hive
 In the rich Buds for Nectar dive——
 By grassy Steps, of easy Tread,
 Let me, in soft Descent, be led
 It's Walks to roam ; by such Descent
 The *Trojan* to *Elizium* went.

B

I roam

I roam it's Walks, around, around,
 All where I go's enchanted Ground!
 I seek it's Grot, and laid at Ease,
 Drink in the Spirit-giving Breeze;
 And ev'ry captiv'd Sense awhile
 With harmless Luxury beguile.

Now on, to new Delights, I range
 Path after Path, from Change to Change :
 All free, I fetch a Compass large,
 Circling the Park's fair ample Verge.
 Often funny Meadows viewing,
 Whilst my devious Rout pursuing,
 Catching there the Gales at play
 On the Cocks of tanning Hay;
 And Plains with Furrows ruffet brown
 Here and there, mixt up and down,

And

And Flocks I view, in Pastures fair;
Feeding wanton, here, and there ;
With the small Birds, sweetly finging,
Ev'ry Hedge and Thicket ringing.
Joining Accents --- warbling --- trilling ---
All, the various Concert filling.

Whither, from Walks of grandest Shade
My sweet Tranfition have I made ?
A shifting Scene my Eye has caught !
Where is the rural Lover brought ?

See, to a neat fram'd Hut I draw,
Roof'd with a Cupola of Straw ;
In artless Elegance compleat,
Dissembling well a Shepherd's Seat.

Smooth-pav'd, with shapely Pebbles clean,
 In which his pictur'd Dog is seen——
 And from the *left*, through parting Trees,
 My Eye a stately Temple sees,
 Half hid in Greens ; and, from my right,
Apollo's Statue wins my Sight ;
 And from before, thro' breaking Bow'rs,
 High *Windsor* lifts her royal Tow'rs ;
 And, all about me, close at hand,
 Tall Crops of bearded *Ceres* stand,
 Whose rustling Sound my Ears assail,
 Dancing to the jocund Gale.

Over daisied Beds I pass,
 That intersect, of smooth-thorn Grass,
 By thin-plac'd Trees at Distance found
 With Flow'rs the Roots set simply round.

In frequent Turns, of Fancy's chusing,
 Idly gazing---reading---musing---
 Walking thoughtless—fitting—lying—
 Ev'ry Change of Pleasure trying.

When *Phæbus* from his mounted Team
 Pours down direct the moon-shed Beam,
 And splendent with o'er-fervid Light,
 The Forms too glaring pain the Sight,
 I seek the Groves that round me rise,
 To check the Rage of sultry Skies ;
 Thro' whose close Tops, entwining high,
 Day's searching Glance cou'd never pry ;
 Where, in serpentine Allies green
 The Paths, meand'ring, intervene.

The

The *Wand'rer* sees, who here shall stray,
 A thousand Mazes tempt his Way ;
 His Steps delighting, while they range,
 With sweet Perplexity of Change.

Lo! to the dusky Entrance nigh,
 A dancing *Faunus* strikes the Eye,
 Whose antick *Mimes*, express'd with Grace,
 Relieve the Glooms that spread the Place.

Far *in*, a lonely *Cell* is found
 On a small op'ning Plat of Ground,
 'Twixt two tall Elms that, Tempest-proof,
 Rise stately o'er the craggy Roof :
 And a torn Arch above it's Height,
 Shews rudely-graceful to the Sight.

While

While up it's buttrefs'd stone-cleft Sides
 His Foot a clamb'ring Ivy guides,
 And Hollies pale, and dark'ning Yew
 The Entrance keep with solemn View.

So look'd the dread *Cumæan* Cave,
 Where Oracles the SYBIL gave.

Within, an ample Concave fwells
 Of Pummice wrought and shining Shells ;
 Where, near a Seat of native Stone,
 A Fountain keeps its bubbling Moan,
 And from beneath the craggy Wall
 Creeps flow, with tinkling—trilling—Fall.

Here the sweet Lady of the Grove
 In lonely Walk delights to rove,

And

And sooth with Thought her Mind serene,
 Charm'd with the solitary Scene.

What Thoughts her happy Mind possess?
 Those Hours, what rais'd Reflections bless?
 What Tastes she gains of Heav'nly Love?
 What Visits wait her from above?
 To those bright Forms are only known,
 Whose Natures are so like her own.

By a strange Influence seiz'd—impress'd—
 I enter, struck—an awe-pleas'd Guest.
 Some Genius, some celestial Grace
 Sure fills, invisible, the Place!
 I feel (as with his Presence caught)
 Immortal Forefighths calm my Thought!

I feel

I feel a Ray, a Hope divine,
Thro' my dark Breast of Sorrows shine!
Light grows my Lot, perplex'd and tofs'd,
My *Present* in my *Future* lost;
While thus, methinks (my Mind to cheer)
The bright *Intelligence* I hear:

“ Why pin’st thou at thy Doom unblest ?

“ Why sobs thy disappointed Breast ?

“ How vain Ambition is thy Strife !

“ What, thy poor Moment, fleeting *Life* !

“ How transient, how uncertain all

“ The few, mixt Joys, which *thine* we call !

“ Disclaim thy Hopes of earthly Good !

“ False are those dazzling Objects view’d :

“ As in the Mirrour of the Stream

“ The Landscapes all inverted seem.

“ Bear Soul ! with keen Misfortunes smart,
 “ Call in thy Wishes, restless Heart ;
 “ Tho’, with Vicissitude of Woes,
 “ Dawn thy sad Morns ! thy Evenings close !

“ The friendly Grave, Care’s sweetest Bed,
 “ Shall safely rest thy anxious Head,
 “ And Griefs, each Day repeated o’er,
 “ Vex the frail *Child of Dust* no more.

“ When thy dark Thoughts their Clouds encrease
 “ Turn to the Realms of Light, of Peace :
 “ Far shall thy Soul nor need to roam,
 “ Look to the Skies and view thy Home.”

Loth I leave this charming Cell,
 While such Lores my Passions quell ;

While

While fuch Scenes my Senfes greet
 Wildly grand, and rudely sweet——
 And the shrill Buzz of the Fly,
 And the Drone's bafe Minstrilfy,
 And the Linnet from above,
 And the mournful Turtle-Dove,
 And the loud loquacious Jay,
 And the Birds on ev'ry Spray,
 Native Concerts round impart,
 Soothing Sadness from the Heart.
 Where employ'd on thoughtful Themes,
 Where inspir'd with gentlest Dreams,
 Pleas'd, a Hermit would I dwell——
 Loth I leave this charming Cell.

Slow—contemplative—I stray
 Wherever Chance inclines my Way.

O'er broad, green Walks that spacious lie,
 Wall'd in with Trees, and roof'd with Sky.
 Where the Lev'rets sporting thro'
 Catch at diff'rent Turns the View,
 'Till a wide Area Prospect yields
 Of rustick Farms, and neighb'ring Fields,
 And *Colnbrook's* Vill the Eye obtains
 And *Hounslow* spreads her op'ning Plains
 And in the Meads of lofty Grass,
 The Mower strays, and nut-brow Lads :
 In mirthful Bands they crop the Soil,
 And laugh and prattle o'er their Toil.

Re-entring now the woody Glades,
 The *Hexagon* my Sight invades,
 Rear'd of firm Stone the Pile is found
 Fenc'd with the Poet's Laurel round,

Where

Where o'er the Door his Lays divine
Inscrib'd in golden Letters shine.

* *Hail thou! of Silence blest'd, the Seat!*

Hail solitary Horrors, sweet!

True Residence of soft Repose,

Of Peace, which humble Fortune knows.

Politely grac'd the lofty Room
Strikes, from within, an awful Gloom
Turn'd to fix Views it's Windows lie
That meet, from diff'rent Walks, the Eye,
Here the great Master of the Bow'r
Tastes oft retir'd the studious Hour,

MOTTO on the *Hexagon*.

* O VOI SOLINGHI E TACITURNE ORRORI
DI RIPOSO E DI PACE ALBERGHI VERI.

And

And, by Reflection deep, impress'd,
Improves the Virtues of his Breast.

Still cou'd I stay in fix'd Delight,
But a new Charm has caught my Sight,
That glancing round the Temple spies,
Graceful it's Range of Columns rise;
In plainest Ornament, yet great;
O'er a Canal it looks with State,
And, from it's Scite, it's Prospects gain,
Down five long Walks, the distant Plain.

Behind two small Apertures spread,
Where, in my Tour alternate led,
A Circle wide of Trees appear
A woody Amphitheatre;

Soft

Soft Zephyrs sport the Boughs between,
 Breathing o'er the bloffom'd Bean,
 Whence the wing'd Insects fetch their Spoil,
 Singing to their hony'd Toil.

Where fhall I turn, or rove, or ftay?
 Some new, new Pleafure tempts away.

Now the tall Green-houfe, feen from far,
 'Lures me o'er the fleek Parterre,
 From whence the grand Canal is fpy'd
 Stretching fmooth, and long, and wide,
 O'er whose Surface, looking down,
Chertsey's Hills the Landscape crown;
 While my Ear is lift'ning made
 By the falling clofe Cascade.

Now

Now the *Bongalo* invites
 To range it's Rooms and climb it's Heights,
 Whence *Ivor's* Tower, and *Windsor*, green,
 Are, from the airy Summits, seen.
 All open round, for Coolness made,
 The light Apartments wide are laid;
 It's foreign Looks, well copy'd, please,
 A Model of the fam'd *Chinese*.

Some new, new Pleasure tempts away
 Where shall I turn, or rove, or stay?

Ranging, shifting, to and fro,
 Happy Libertine I go.
 Sometimes Path with Gravel smooth
 Easy Ambulations sooth,

Where-

Now

Where the bending *Beeches* twine,
 And a Length of Arbour join,
 Terminating (pleas'd) the Sight,
 In their low-bent Arch of Light,
 At whose End a *Gothic* Seat
 Yields me Place of short Retreat—
 Till, from roving led to rove,
 Next, th' *Italic* fair Alcove
 Stops my Eye, to mark the Pile,
 Where, with rested Limbs the while,
 EDWARD's royal *Bust* I join,
 Glory of the SEYMOUR Line.

Back my Thoughts, revolving fast,
 Trace those happiest *Annals* past,
 When, of Heaven's full, purest Ray
 Beam'd our *Noon* of Gospel-day.

—Ah! declining since—obscure—
 Foul bedim'd with Mist impure!

Wan it's Lustre! wain'd! decay'd!—

Sinking in primæval Shade!

Tracking up the shining Glue,

Mem'ry sighs, in sad Review!—

With the preaching, *modern*, Scheme,

Heart-disgusted—drops the Theme!

—Fresh Excursions calm me soon,

Gazing pensive Tumult down—

—There, uprais'd, a princely *Tent*

Wide displays it's Ornament:

Sofas spread luxurious lay,

Deck'd in Fringe—with Hangings gay—

And Statues in my Walk are seen—

And Woods with Fields enclos'd between—

Ranging, shifting, to and fro,

Happy Libertine I go.

Here let me yet an Hour deceive,
 In the cool Walk by Twilight Eve,
 When in still Air on dark'ning Plains,
 Each Grove a softer Aspect gains,
 That seems a Picture to the Eye,
 Drawn on the Canvas of the Sky.
 And shifting Clouds, as fades the Light,
 Put on a thousand Robings bright,
 Till their poud Tints at length decay,
 Chang'd for coarse Vests of Palmer Grey,

So shall the loveliest Face at last
 Be, by dull Age's Veil, o'ercast.—

Sad sings the Philomel forlorn,
 The heavy Beetle winds his Horn,
 Forth flies the Bat, Day's banish'd Fowl,
 Her nightly Hoot begins the Owl.—
 From the dark Cavern's drear Abode
 Steals the fell Weazel, and the Toad.—

The quiv'ring Leaves, the Moon's pale Beam
 Now just has tipt with silver'd Gleam;
 And in her dewy Lodging damp,
 The Glow-worm hung her glist'ring Lamp;
 When a black Horror spreads my Mind,
 Unusual, sudden Pang I find;
 I feel my vital Pow'rs depart,
 Chill Melancholy damps my Heart,
 My bosom'd Thoughts for Utt'rance swell,
 On a mourn'd Subject much they dwell;
 When Griefs, that long my Breast had pent,
Thus to the silent Night I vent.

“ He's gone! the Grave's too early Prey,
 “ That Angel, Fate has snatch'd away!
 “ Who might for long, for happier Days
 “ Have liv'd, to patronise my Lays;
 “ Liv'd! to have warm'd their noblest Rage,
 “ And prov'd the Shelter of my Age.

“ That promis’d Hero ! Patriot !—all

“ That great we see, or best we call !

Alas—he’s gone !—his Country’s Hope,

“ His antient House’s last, dear Prop,

“ A *Nestor*’s Wisdom in a Youth !—

“ That Form, all Sweetness, Sense, and Truth.

“ Whose Worth had ev’ry Heart engross’d

“ The lovely ! lov’d ! and ah !—the lost !

“ Wonder of Excellence beheld ;

“ Scarce equall’d e’er, by none excell’d.

“ In all Perfection, past Degree

“ So good !—Ah BEAUCHAMP !—is it thee ?”

Thy Name has rais’d the Eccho’s Cries,

Ah BEAUCHAMP !—is it thee ? (*she sighs*)

Ah BEAUCHAMP ! thee ?—Woods, Plains and Springs

(Touch’d with strange Woes) *all* (senseless Things)

Their Murmurs and their Complaints diffuse ;
 Woods wail ! Floods moan ! and weep the Dews !

All join to raise my Grief's swollen Tide :
 While pensive, by my drooping Side,
 Thy lov'd, thy faithful * *Bruen* here,
 Looks up, as conscious of my Tear.

Still, still he lives (O calm our Strife !)
 Far happier lives, far nobler Life ;
 Angelic Worlds have seen him rise,
 Have lodg'd the Cherub in his Skies.
 Such Change divinest Solace gives ;
 More great ! more blest ! he shines ! he lives !

Henceforth—farewel !—In PERCY-GROVES
 (Seat of the *Muses* and the *Loves*)
 This last sad Tribute is allow'd ;
 What to thy Manes, long, I vow'd.

* A Favorite Dog of Lord Beauchamp's.

O if those Groves (in which retir'd
 First their sweet Charms this Verse inspir'd)
 Kind to the Verse a Fame would give;
 Like them, immortal might it live.

What tho' no Hill thy level Soil
 For Prospect yields, the Gazer's Toil,
 Tere, like the OWNER's Mind, is spy'd
 True Greatness, without swelling Pride.
 The *Wonderer* here, that led to stray
 Thy vary'd Beauties shall survey,
 No fairer Scenes shall wish to see,
 No Prospect want while viewing *Thee*.

O Spot, beyond Description bright,
 Sequester'd Seat of pure Delight,
 Resembling most that happy Place,
 The first best Seat of Human Race:

As blest thy Groves, thy Plains as fair,
 And honour'd by as great a Pair.
 Lives there, by Virtues or by Blood,
 His worthier?---gentle, generous, good,
 Lives there than HER, of female Kind,
 A sweeter Form, a lovelier Mind?
 Benignest Stars their Births impress'd,
 Their Loves the happiest *Hymen* bless'd.

Tho' Care my busy'd Life embroils,
 A Life worn out in studious Toils;
 Tedious tho' move my Minutes down,
 Forc'd from the lov'd, too distant Town,
 Favour'd the while, of feeling Heart,
 Grateful, but ignorant of Art;
 The Debt so due, till yet delay'd,
 My MUSE hath to her PATRONS paid.

The E N D.